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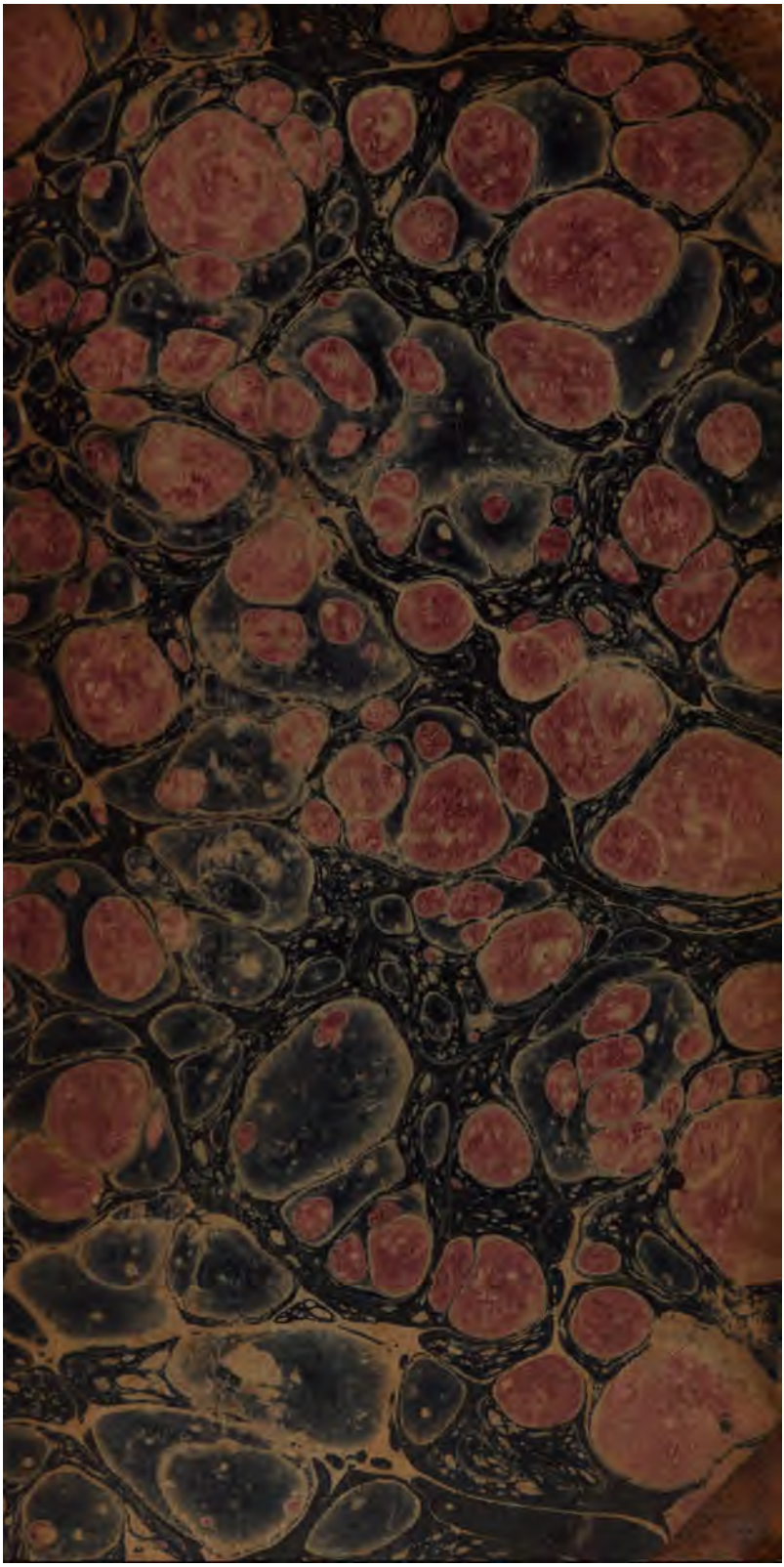
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M C Sotheron 1806

ADMONITION,

A

POEM

ON

THE FASHIONABLE MODES

OF

FEMALE DRESS;

WITH

MISCELLANEOUS PIECES;

IN VERSE.



BY GEORGE OGG.

LONDON:

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PREFACE.

WHEN an Author has once passed the ordeal of public criticism with approbation, his name is almost the only preface necessary to his future productions; but from the writer, who is young in literature, and unknown to the world, a few explanatory lines are usually expected.

I am far from wishing to influence the justice of criticism by attempts to excite its pity and forbearance; but if there are existing truths which naturally tend to mitigate its severity, these truths ought surely to be told.

In justice to myself, I must therefore declare, that I have had no other education than what could be acquired at a crowded school before the age of eight years, and no other subsequent instruction but what I could gather from books, with only inclination for a guide.

Thus poorly prepared to entertain the public, I would not, certainly, have thought of appearing before it as an author, if the loss of my right arm at sea had not unfitted me for other avocations.

I am fully conscious, that in the following pages there must be many defects; yet I entertain some hope that the reader may not be altogether displeased with his purchase.

It is needless to say how much delight approbation would afford; but it may be proper to affirm, that I do not attach such terrors to a sentence of condemnation, as to tremble with apprehension at the idea. I am eager to profit by the criticisms of the candid, but am determined not to be discouraged by those of the severe.

GEORGE OGG.

ADMONITION:

A

POEM

ON

THE FASHIONABLE MODES

OF

FEMALE DRESS.

ERRATA.

Page 27, line 4, *for* wareful, *read* wareless.

—— 30, last line, *for* to, *read* from.

ADMONITION.

PART I.

How shall my feeble pow'rs attune the lyre,
To such a theme as claims a poet's fire;
At random strike, with untaught hand, the strings,
Or try to soar on worse than ostrich wings?
Yet strive my mind, with virtuous ardour glow!
Thy strength untry'd, as yet, thou canst not know:
Rouse up each latent energy, supine;
Impress, at least, thy feelings on each line;
So may thy wishes haply meet regard,
Should not thy verse deserve, nor find, reward.
Ye Fair, from you, the boast of Albion's isle,
Fain would my youthful effort court a smile;

A smile from you would yield a cheering ray,
And prove the harbinger of brighter day;
A smile from you would soothe my wayward breast,
And charm the hydras, Fear and Doubt, to rest;
Atone for Fortune's fury on the main,
Where maim'd and poor she left me to complain;
Left me with pain and mis'ry to contend;
But left me not, thank Heav'n! without a Friend.

If, matchless Fair, ye boast of Albion's isle,
Approving glances should not grace my toil,
Oh! yet restrain the soul-appalling frown!
Nor strike at once Hope's fairy fabric down.
Th' unwelcome theme my falt'ring voice shall sing,
In strains as gentle as my Muse can bring;
Yet, should my ardour roughen in my song,
While all your dangers on my fancy throng,
Forgive, if then, from fear I break away,
And truth, harsh sounding, fire my rugged lay;
Forgive, if then, I blame with honest wrath,
The guilty guides that lure from Virtue's path.

To you alone I plead, ye virtuous Fair,
For you alone exert my anxious care:

Approv'd by you, bless'd will my labours be,
And conscience weave a grateful wreath for me.
Let harden'd Vice reward me with a sneer,
And Folly hoot me from her tainted sphere,
Their hate shall add new pleasures to the hoard,
Which Truth's approving plaudits will afford.

O, holy Pow'r! that light'st the living fire,
To plead thy cause, my quiv'ring lips inspire!
Celestial Pow'r! whose mild effulgence shows,
Pure as the lunar beam on arctic snows,
Enchanting Modesty! afford thy aid,
And teach my artless language to persuade!
Strong as thyself, some potent charm impart,
To dash conviction on the stubborn heart;
To nerve bold Truth her pond'rous arms to wield,
And drive the rebel Fashion from the field!

Thrice happy Isle! where beauty blooms so fair,
Like orient flow'rs amid their native air;
Not here she blooms to bless the rich alone,
The poor as well may claim her for their own;
Alike she charms the nobleman and swain,
Alike adorns the city and the plain.

No beauty here, amidst a cloister's gloom,
Laments the thraldom of a living tomb;
Nor torn by force from native fields away,
Weeps in some haram's shade the live-long day;
But free as Britain's sons her daughters rove,
Tasting the sweets of Liberty and Love;
With wondrous charms delight the gen'ral gaze,
And strike th' enraptur'd stranger with amaze.
So when admiring youth fair Gorgon view'd,
Bereft of motion, statue-like they stood.
Countless are Freedom's joys, its woes but few;
Yet these, ye Fair, are fatal oft to you:
Fatal as freedom to the truant lamb,
That shuns its friendly fold and bleating dam.
Thoughtless the way that Passion points ye tread,
And see the path with op'ning flow'rs bespread;
See groups of fairy groves at distance rise,
Where seem of milder blue the cloudless skies;
Youth's fervent hopes, a beauteous glowing band,
Around you dance and praise the distant land;
While Joy, borne up on beamy rainbow wings,
Warbling of Love, perfumes you as she sings.

Thus on ye rove, with Passion still before,
Your bliss so great, it scarcely could be more;
When lo! Remorse, a phantom, huge, appears,
And drowns the beauteous hopes in floods of tears;
Joy flies away, and glooms a dreary wild,
Where fairy groves and flow'ry prospects smil'd.
O shun, ye lovely Fair, the syren voice,
That ceaseless pleads to influence your choice;
Firmly from Passion's claims assent withhold,
As Sparta's sons contemn'd corrupting gold;
For fatal still is Passion's pow'r to Peace,
As Persia's gold to fall'n, degen'rate Greece.
Baneful to Virtue, too, Example's force,
That drags her on in Fashion's giddy course;
Wrong right appears, thro' Fashion's medium view'd,
And threat'ning ill assumes the garb of good;
Mindless of danger, Fashion's vot'ries glide
Between the whirlpools of Life's dang'rous tide;
Drink deep at Pleasure's sparkling spring, nor dream
That deadly poison lurks amid the stream.
Abhorr'd for ever be that hoary form,
Protected by its age from Passion's storm,

Whose base example lures the young aside,
Tho' long experience might have taught to guide:
Nor less abhorr'd be those fell arts of Vice,
By youth and beauty practis'd to entice;
Beauty and youth that, lost to virtuous shame,
Are blind to decency and deaf to blame;
They Fashion lead, from them those customs rise
Which innocence and prudence should despise;
Customs which only vicious art could frame,
To melt the icy, and the warm inflame;
Corrupt the heart, delight lascivious eyes,
And prove subversive of the tender ties;
Fix Will and Virtue at eternal strife,
And substitute a worthless name for Wife.

Yours has it been, ye Fair, since time began,
To smooth and harmonize more rugged man,
To wear the fiercer passions from his mind,
And win the lordly savage to be kind.
The more unfelt, the more supreme your reign,
Strong to excite, and potent to restrain;
To you man owes the sweetest joys of life,
For still ye charm as mother, friend, or wife:

Endearing ties! which true delight impart,
Soften, exalt, and tranquillize the heart.
Ah! what are Fortune's favours, wealth and pow'r,
Unless they're crown'd by love's domestic hour!
These your divine prerogatives, ye Fair,
Man to improve, and bless, and sooth his care;
Exert them all, and safety, love, and ease,
Will bless you more, the more you strive to please.
But, oh! in Virtue's cause your pow'r exert,
Nor let base Fashion's rage your will pervert!
As useful fire which wrong applied destroys,
So is the pow'r that woman misemploys.
Think that the keenest ills which mortals know,
From Passion's unrestrain'd indulgence grow;
Hate and remorse, that prompt the galling tear,
Burning disease, pale want, and trembling fear;
These individuals feel—states swift decay,
Where bloated Passion holds its baneful sway.
If lustful Lux'ry o'er a state prevails,
Waver its councils, and its courage fails,
Virtue in tears th' inglorious land forsakes,
And sleeping Ruin at her flight awakes.

Spurn, nobly spurn, ye patriot Fair, each art
That Fashion sanctions to deprave the heart;
Virtue and int'rest all your cares require,
To smother, not to fan, impure desire.
But Fashion now inverts this useful truth,
And ev'ry modest maxim styles uncouth,
Reason contemns, breaks from restraint away,
And flaunts its follies in the face of day:
Follies! say vices, pois'nous vices too,
That taint the more, as more they please the view.
Yet Justice calls, and bids the vicious know,
That they who *cause* shall *feel* the sharpest woe;
Bids them beware who gen'ral good disdain,
Lest Mercy should not hear when they complain;
Tells them that fate, tho' slow, will come at last,
And warns of what may be from what is past:
When central torrents met dissolving skies,
And o'er the mountains made the Deluge rise,
Sweeping at once a countless race away
For ever from the cheering blaze of day;
When angry Heav'n a storm of flaming rain
Pour'd awful down on Sodom's frighted plain;

Bade trembling earth with dire commotion quake,
And plunge the ruins hissing in the lake;
'Twas vicious Luxury that cry'd for blood,
And rous'd to vengeance an offended God.

ADMONITION.

PART II.

Softly my Muse, for truth, when gently told,
On haughty Passion takes a firmer hold,
And where the threat denouncing vengeance fails,
The mild remonstrance frequently prevails.
As when some king, with pride and pow'r elate,
Commits aggressions on some neighb'ring state,
Enrag'd he burns, if threats oppose his force,
But calm remonstrance checks the tyrant's course.
Enchanting Fair! with countless graces fram'd,
For brilliant wit and quick discernment fam'd;
Whose piercing sight can penetrate disguise,
That all the efforts of the sage defies;
How strangely you're deceiv'd by Fashion's smiles,
Her splendid show, and strong seducing wiles!

Fashion, like sharpers skill'd to take their aim
(With whom you're sure to play a losing game)
Flatters your hopes, but flatters to betray,
And win your wareful modesty away:
That precious gem, that pow'rful philter gone,
The bold unblushing beauty is undone;
Her charms no more can true affection draw,
Love mix'd with fear, and tenderness with awe;
But kindle up a fierce unhallow'd flame,
That burns to bring its authoress to shame.

In wealthy ease, won from the teeming soil,
By skilful management and patient toil,
Good Alfred liv'd, the idol of the poor,
Who never unreliev'd pass'd by his door.
Sole branch of Alfred's hymeneal tie,
The sweet Louisa bloom'd beneath his eye,
Than whom a lovelier, or a better maid,
Ne'er charm'd the tenants of the rural shade.
Thus Edmund thought, who own'd some neighb'ring plains,
And felt his bosom throb with love's soft pains;
Felt all the timid fears and shy distress,
That more than words true tenderness express:

Studious he strove to keep his love conceal'd,
Which by these efforts was the more reveal'd,
But not in vain reveal'd—a mutual wish
Spread o'er Louisa's cheek a mutual blush;
Love's silent language stream'd from either eye,
In ev'ry movement spoke, and breath'd in ev'ry sigh,
At length the youth, by fear no more restrain'd,
Consent from Alfred sought, consent obtain'd;
Woo'd the enchanting maid to spurn delay,
And fix his better birth, his bridal day.
But she as willing, less impatient prov'd,
With equal truth, but less of passion lov'd;
And thus reply'd: "Awhile, my Edmund, stay,
Nor let us yet so rashly fix the day;
Thy peace to me, my Edmund, is most dear,
And I believe thy tenderness sincere:
Of all our rural maids thou call'st me queen,
Thou art the prince of swains whom I have seen;
But should we once the crowded haunts behold,
Another tale perhaps might then be told;
Some beauty there might catch you in her toils,
To whom our beauties here would prove but foils.

No time we'll lose, but mix among the gay,
Our friends will guide us in the mazy way;
That dang'rous trial should your love withstand,
My heart shall then be follow'd by my hand."

" Sweet maid, with thee where'er thou wilt I'll range,
Happy to prove my love admits no change."

In luckless hour they left the peaceful plain,
To join with Fashion's foolish restless train,
Where dangers dwell disguis'd in masquerade,
And Ruin lurks in Pleasure's garb array'd.
Unbless'd exchange! to quit for scenes like these
The healthful haunts of innocence and ease,
Where baneful arts deceive not to destroy,
But pure from nature flows the tide of joy.

What mix'd emotions thrill'd Louisa's frame!
Wonder, disgust, anger, distress, and shame;
To see the Fair to public eyes expose
What modesty would blush in private to disclose;
To see them share, with gen'ral gaze, those charms,
That should be sacred for a husband's arms*.

* I have seen in public beautiful young women of rank and fashion, who doubtless supposed themselves fully entitled to the epithets of vir-

Hating, she saw the shameless bold display;
But yielding soon to Fashion's tempting sway,
Her hate subsided, sympathy began,
She first excus'd, and then embrac'd the plan.
Yet more pernicious prov'd to Edmund's soul,
Example's force and Fashion's base control;
Those virtuous maxims he was wont to prize,
His new associates taught him to despise,
Mean, spiritless, and dull, they term'd that youth
Whose ways were measur'd by the rule of truth;
Honour, they said, enjoin'd not to refrain
From lies which they had courage to maintain.
They whom such baneful sentiments inspir'd,
Edmund beheld by Fashion most admir'd;
Envy'd their fate, and, to deserve the same,
Pursued the paths which they had trod to fame.
Still Edmund lov'd the sweet misguided maid,
And equal fondness as before display'd;
But ah! how alter'd was the love he bore,
And all his words, to what they were before!

tuous and modest, although they deemed an exposure of their entire bosoms no breach of propriety.

No gentle fears, from true affection sprung,
Constrain his actions now, or bind his tongue;
No art that vice had taught him to ensnare,
He leaves unpractis'd to delude the Fair.
If keen remorse his erring soul assails,
He sees the bosom bare, and lust prevails;
" Freedom to freedom, boon to boon succeeds,"
She void of thought, designing he proceeds;
By slow degrees each barrier wears away,
While each advance the more secures his prey;
Swears endless love, and lulls each fear to rest,
Then plants despair and horror in her breast.
Thus artful smiles Britannia's crafty foe,
To veil some immature intended blow,
Remove her guardian thunders from the deep,
And lull the lions on her shore asleep;
Then loose his rage, his slavish hordes prepare,
And treacherously seize her unaware.
Oh, would the Fair like bold Britannia rise,
Like her be vigilant, like her be wise,
Fearless like her they might withstand each foe,
Defy each danger, and avert each woe.

Strange inconsistency of human kind,
Disease, tormentor, weakness of the mind,
Ardent to burn for what we precious deem,
Which when obtain'd, no longer we esteem;
In life's dark chase blank phantoms to pursue,
Know them deceitful, yet believe them true;
And ev'ry wild ideal bliss to prize
Beyond each real good that life supplies.
This disposition of the mind, ye Fair,
Concerns you much, and much demands your care;
As you appear with boldness or reserve,
It tends to hurt your int'rest, or preserve;
Angelic brightness gives each charm conceal'd
But merely mortal beauty when reveal'd.
Some powerful motive must these ladies sway,
Who prune such useful parts of dress away;
Who stake their Health, their Beauty, and their Fame,
Against Disease, Deformity, and Shame.
Think they to win man's gratitude the more,
And make him less despotic than before?
As well the East might all its gems unfold,
The West as well display its hoarded gold,

Then hope the sight would check usurping force,
Soften its purpose, or divert its course.
Think they their glowing charms, to view display'd,
Each less attractive quality will hide?
As radiant Sol, with strong refulgent light,
O'erwhelms the stars, and veils them from the sight.
Ah! let them think how soon that light retires,
The veil is broken, and the charm expires.
Or, are they sway'd by vanity alone,
That bids them think no beauties like their own,
So form'd to win, so fram'd to melt the heart,
Love to inspire, and ecstasy impart?
But, granting motives such as they would choose,
Not one of all but wisdom would refuse:
For what good motive can direct those Fair,
Who deem sweet modesty beneath their care;
Whose manners tend far more than foreign foes,
To sap the bulwarks of a state's repose;
Those noblest bulwarks, souls of freeborn mould
That scorn alike by vice or foes to be control'd.
Such, charming Fair, the evils that arise
From modes that you without reflection prize.

Then, oh! in mercy to yourselves awake,
From Fashion's stupor, and her spells forsake;
The nat'ral use of dress let dress supply,
To keep you warm, and mock the roving eye;
In fuller folds those faultless forms enclose,
Which, scarcely veil'd, unblushing ye expose;
Much fuller folds no beauties would obscure,
But make them seem more excellent and pure;
As objects seen by hope thro' time's thick shade,
Still fairer seem than those at hand display'd.

Thy fate, Alexis, mem'ry hoards with care,
And treasur'd thine, lamented Anna, there;
Untimely fall'n, oh! may your fall convey
A useful warning to instruct the gay.

Who can forget that knew the noble youth,
His manly charms, his genius, worth, and truth;
His polish'd mien, his cheerful, mild address,
And piercing wit that scorn'd to cause distress;
And who that knew but mourns his lovely wife,
So rudely torn from all the joys of life;
Joys such as Virtue, Reason, Truth approve,
The joys of Friendship and Connubial Love.

This envy'd pair, endow'd with ev'ry grace,
That decks the figure or improves the face,
Possess'd each good that fortune could supply,
To please the heart and animate the eye:
In grand proportion tower'd their splendid dome,
Where Virtue found a grateful peaceful home,
Where all was gen'rous, elegant, and free,
And hospitality held jubilee.
Around their board, with choicest plenty spread,
Social delight her smiles profusely shed;
Where'er they went affection press'd their stay,
And admiration's flow'rets strew'd their way.
One fatal eve they sought that brilliant scene,
Where Pleasure's slaves pay homage to their queen,
Where near Thames' bank, amidst a lofty grove,
Dance, song, and music, rouse illicit love.
Soon as the pair appear'd a hum began,
And thro' the crowd applausive whispers ran;
Throngs of admirers form'd a lengthen'd train,
While other crowds wheel'd round to gaze again;
Such beauty, elegance, and polish'd ease
Could scarcely fail e'en Envy's self to please.

This splendid scene is Fashion's brightest sphere,
Where all her baneful tendencies appear;
In numbers here its vot'ries are enroll'd,
And numbers make the fearful spirits bold.
Where numbers meet, what they decree is right,
And faults that numbers love, in time, seem slight;
Hence Fashion's vot'ries here more freedom feel,
And all their folly unrestrain'd reveal;
And hence sweet Anna's modish dress display'd
What modesty, unbias'd, whispers "shade."
A shape where ev'ry Paphian beauty shone,
And such as beauty's queen herself might own;
A skin whose hues were stolen from new fall'n snows,
The azure concave, and the vermil rose:
No stoic apathy unmov'd could gaze,
And wild intemp'rance felt his bosom blaze.
Sit there, my love, Alexis said, whilst I
To find my friend amidst this concourse try:
There, while she listen'd to the tuneful throng,
That wak'd the instruments or pour'd the song,
A youth advanc'd, intemp'rance in his mien,
Where pride of lofty station too was seen;

Near Anna's side, and nearer yet, he press'd,
Gaz'd on the Fair awhile, then thus address'd:
" Fairest of earth's fair daughters, this I swear,
My eyes have ne'er beheld one half so fair;
By Heav'n! the lightnings of that piercing eye,
Transcend the lightnings of the lurid sky;
Oh, what a mouth!—I swear, to feel thy breath,
Well pleas'd I'd hear thy lips pronounce my death:
Die! Oh, by this sweet swelling bosom's charms,
I'd wish to die a thousand times—within thy arms."
He said, and with a rash, unhallow'd haste,
The beauteous bosom of the fair one press'd.
Angry she rose, but still the youth pursu'd,
And thus again his hateful speech renew'd:
" Nay, frown not so, nor think that crime in me,
Which all commit who only look on thee;
'Twould be apostacy to Nature's will,
To gaze on thee, and not admire her skill.
I love—Hence, libertine! the fair one cry'd,
And turning saw Alexis by her side;
He had o'erheard, and seen, and in his face
Some direful purpose Anna's eye could trace:

To him the rake convey'd a sneer askance,
And met from him a fierce revengeful glance;
Appalling fear suspended Anna's life,
And breathless in his arms Alexis held his wife.
Recover'd, and arriv'd at home, the Fair
Was left in safety by her husband there.
He to the crowded scene drove back in haste,
Revenge and hatred rank'ling in his breast;
Soon found the libertine, and in his ear
Whisper'd, "Insulting villain! if thy fear
Prevent thee not, instant with me repair,
Allay my anger, or its vengeance bear."
The high-born youth flash'd ardour to engage,
Scoff'd at his inj'ries, and defied his rage.
As soon as Anna knew Alexis' flight,
What dreadful visions crowded on her sight!
She knew what led him forth, and Fancy's pow'r
Pourtray'd her husband welt'ring in his gore,
Frantic she call'd her coach, bent to pursue
Till fugitive Alexis bless'd her view;
"The fatal deed may not be done," she rav'd,
"And haply, yet, my husband may be sav'd;

Fly, coachman fly! perhaps your faithful speed
May yet prevent the soul-distracting deed."
The man obey'd, till close beside the way
Were heard the signals of some bloody fray:
The moon shone clear, and by its silv'ry light
Display'd the combatants to Anna's sight.
'Tis he! she cry'd; again the tubes resound;
She sees both combatants embrace the ground:
'Tis done! she groan'd; and ran to where they lay,
Their life's rich current oozing to decay.
" Speak, my Alexis, love! let, let me hear
One little word! 'twill dissipate my fear!
Oh speak!"—" My dearest Anna, is it thee?
Dry up thy tears, thou need'st not fear for me;
My wound I think not mortal, but I fear
For him whose vicious soul has laid me here,"
" Fear for thyself, the youth reply'd, thy woe
Most sweetly shall atone for this curs'd blow.
And thou, fair fiend! whose uncover'd charms
Rous'd fierce desire within my breast to arms,
Thou oft shalt think of me, thy beauty's prey,
While this reflection clouds each future day:—

Oh, hadst thou been, sweet Modesty, my guide,
My husband had not bled, nor his antag'nist died.
Vehement he spoke, forth gush'd the crimson rill,
Till life's amazing engin'ry stood still.
He, who with plenty's smiles had long been bless'd,
The world's esteem, and "sunshine of the breast,"
Till sway'd in fatal hour by lust of more,
Forg'd his friend's name to rob him of his store;
He felt no sharper pangs when Justice came,
And doom'd his body to a death of shame,
Than Anna knew, doom'd day and night to hear,
The dread prediction vibrate in her ear.
A fever came, the effect of cold and fright,
Combin'd together on that fatal night;
Swift shot thro' ev'ry vein the parching heat,
While ev'ry pulse with two-fold motion beat:
Reason retir'd, while Frenzy seiz'd her throne,
And with wild ravings made her empire known.
At length, worn out, the woe-devoted Fair
Breath'd her sick spirit to the mournful air.
Anguish'd and weak, bereav'd Alexis lay,
Sick of the night, and weary of the day;

When on his ear the awful accents broke,
That told Fate's keenest, deprecated, stroke;
In frantic grief the harsh decree he blam'd,
Then calmer grown, thus piously exclaim'd:
" Lord of my Life, this heart with anguish wrung,
Deign to forgive, and this rebellious tongue!
That boon withhold in mercy to my woe,
Which late I pray'd thy mercy to bestow!
For joyless now each future day would be,
Gloomy, and cold, and comfortless to me!"
Heav'n heard his pray'r, he felt approaching death,
And thus to Friendship gave his latest breath.
" Oh learn, from mine and luckless Anna's fate,
To shun the woes that passion can create,
Avoid those habits, born of Vice and Sin,
Tho' titled beauty strive to lure you in:
One passion cherish'd calls another forth,
And that another, more devoid of worth,
Till what began for want of virtuous care,
Ends in Misfortune, Mis'ry, and Despair."



MISCELLANEOUS PIECES

IN

VERSE.

CORIN'S REMONSTRANCE.

HARD is the task thou wouldst impose,
Too hard a task for me, Mary;
For while my life's red current flows,
I still must think of thee, Mary.

Could I forget the joys gone by,
That I have shar'd with thee, Mary,
Then snap'd, at once, the strongest tye
That binds my love, would be, Mary.

But how can I those joys forget,
When ev'ry scene I see, Mary,
Some sweet memento shows me yet,
Of bliss enjoy'd with thee, Mary?

If forth I walk, I find thy name
Engrav'd on rock and tree, Mary;
Or read at home, 'tis just the same,
Each page has notes on thee, Mary.

My fav'rite lambs that frisk and play,
Remind me of thy glee, Mary,
When thou wast innocent as they,
And quite as fond of me, Mary.

When feather'd songsters tune their throats,
To love's soul-melting key, Mary,
I think what softer, sweeter, notes,
I oft have heard from thee, Mary.

No—mem'ry will not lose its hold,
And set thy image free, Mary;
Though thou hast grown unkind and cold,
And cruel now to me, Mary.

Thou hast forgot 'twas for thy sake,
I brav'd the stormy sea, Mary,

Where Heav'n was pleas'd that hand to take,
Which was betroth'd to thee, Mary.

One still remain'd to tie the band,
But thou wouldst not agree, Mary;
I fear the stroke that reft my hand,
Depriv'd me too of thee, Mary.

Yet thee may ev'ry bliss attend;
And when I bend my knee, Mary,
I'll still as lover, or as friend,
Pay orisons for thee, Mary.

For mem'ry will not lose its hold,
And set thy image free, Mary,
Though thou art grown unkind and cold,
And careless now of me, Mary.

THE SWEEP.

HAST thou seen little Ned, all ragged and black,
With his feet and his bosom quite bare,
A brush in his hand, on his shoulder a sack,
A tear in his eye, and a hump on his back,
And a heart overflowing with care?

While half the gay world was yet buried in sleep,
And the cutting cold breezes rush'd by,
O'er ice frozen thick, and thro' snow lying deep,
Along shiver'd poor Ned, and "Swee-eep—swee-eep,"
He was heard in sad accents to cry.

Unlov'd and unpitied was poor little Ned,
Never cheer'd by a smile, nor caress'd,
His portion hard labor, tho' sparingly fed,
A bundle of straw in a cellar his bed,
Where but few were the hours of his rest.

No parents, or friends, or relations Ned knew,
A poor outcast from pleasure and ease;
Made sport of, and mock'd by the ignorant crew,
Because of the hump 'twixt his shoulders that grew,
And his face much deform'd by disease.

Long before the grey dawn of morning appear'd,
Ned was rous'd from his slumbers, so sweet,
By his master, whose harshness he hated and fear'd,
For high o'er his back a hard rope's end he rear'd,
And with blows drove him into the street.

If success in his way scatter'd labor and pain,
Yet no thanks he receiv'd for reward;
But if he had wander'd his cold round in vain,
His master in curses and threats would complain,
That he did not his duty regard.

This pitiless master was hoarding up wealth,
By the labor of infants obtain'd;
Yet mindless was he of their morals and health,
Nor moments of frolic had they, but by stealth,
From the wretch whom their labors maintain'd.

Poor Ned was the best of the young sooty band,
By his master consider'd a prize;
For his frame, borne down by oppression's hard hand,
No eye could perceive to improve or expand,
His chief merit minuteness of size.

No chimney so narrow, or ruin'd by time,
But poor pigmy Ned would explore;
And tho' incommoded by loose bricks and lime,
Yet wounded and bruis'd, to the top he would climb,
With his body all bleeding and sore.

To ascend an old chimney the suff'rer was driv'n,
Which was never ascended before;
The ruins enclos'd him—no aid could be giv'n—
His soul took its flight, and escap'd into Heav'n;
So the troubles of Ned are no more.

SONG.

You tell me no time shall bereave me, sweet maid,
Of your love, fix'd immovably true;
Ah, could my fond heart but believe thee, sweet maid,
With contentment I'd bid thee adieu.

You say that your love is mature, my fair maid,
And so perfect it cannot increase;
That thought I can scarcely endure, my fair maid,
It strikes deep at the root of my peace.

The fruits that are ripe soon decay, my dear maid,
Day declines when meridian is past;
Our pleasures, once full, haste away, my dear maid,
For the flow'r that is blown will not last.

But love, like a torrent confin'd, my sweet maid,
Should grow deeper the more 'tis enclos'd;
Or, like an impetuous wind, my sweet maid,
Grow stronger the more 'tis oppos'd.

Good stewards are faithful and fair, my dear maid,
Tho' their masters be distant or near;
So absence that love can't impair, my dear maid,
Which is tender and truly sincere.

REASON'S INTERROGATIVE,

AND

LOVE'S REPLY.

Ah why, says my Fair, thus droop ye with care,
Why heavy and dim are your eyes?
What pains on your brow such furrows can plough,
What anguish occasion those sighs?

Ye surely in vain repine and complain,
And wantonly sport with your peace;
Away with this plan—for shame! be a man,
And Reason from folly release.

The wretch doom'd to die his dungeon may fly,
And exult in the glories of light;
The poor timid deer, when danger is near,
May seek to elude it by flight:

But he who's oppress'd with love in his breast,
Tho' hopeless it be and forlorn,
Advice to forego the dear wasting woe
He smiles at, or treats it with scorn.

ON THE

DEATH

OF A

FRIEND'S FAVOURITE DOG.

Thou hadst a warm lodging for a long time;
But thou hast a cold one now, poor Ino.
Sure, thou wast the luckiest of thy kind!
The too, too common portion of old age
Was not the lot of thine: nor cruel scorn,
Nor pitiless neglect, couldst thou bewail;
So kindly wast thou cherish'd, with such care,
That there was more, I verily believe,
Than a dog's share of tenderness bestow'd
Upon thee.

Thou wast not a famous dog,
Nor hadst thou shining qualities to boast;

Nor like that tutor'd dog which gave delight
To conquering Vespasian, the great,
Thou never mad'st an audience wonder,
By performing antic tricks, as feigning
Well the pains of death; nor like the tinker's
Canine conj'rer, at Constantinople,
Who from a heap of trinkets couldst restore
Each to its owner, and mark the degrees
Of all spectators, whether rich or poor,
Good or bad, married or single. Nor yet
Didst thou evince such strict fidelity,
Such pure, consistent, undecaying, love
As grac'd the living tenant of the tombs;
Who watch'd for years the ashes of his friend,
Amidst the noxious vapors of a vault,
Cold, wet, and murky; issuing from thence
But once in three long days, to satisfy
The temp'rate cravings of his appetite;
Incapable of swerving once aside,
Even for a moment, from his purpose,
Save when compell'd by irresistible
Necessity. Such opportunities

As these, 'tis true, thou hadst not; but couldst thou
Have avail'd thyself of them, supposing
They had been? I own that I am doubtful;
However, thou wast modest, poor Ino,
And hadst a consciousness of thy defects.
I wish thy brother puppies, higher bred,
But little wiser, were all as humble.

Yet, thou wast sometimes useful, Ino,
And I should be ungrateful to forget
That thou didst render me a service once;
Ay, and more than once, when it was needful;
For which I'll often cast a kindly look
Upon thy grave. I should dissemble much
To promise thee a tear; tho' in the world
'Tis call'd politeness now to speak untruth.
I've seen a cur slip slyly in behind
His foe and let him blood; but never yet
Beheld a puppy, of the *real* kind,
Cringing and fawning where he wish'd to bite.

As I remember, 'twas a dismal night;
The rain fell heavily, and in the wind
There was a rude fierceness, far from pleasing,

When, cheer'd by pleasing anticipation
Of the social smiles, improving converse,
And unaffected happiness, which still
Delight around thy master's fire, I claim'd
Admission at his hospitable door.
But Liliputian woe prevail'd within,
Each ear engrossing with its shrilly noise.
Cautiously, at first, I plied the knocker;
Then harder, but in vain. At length, well pleas'd,
I heard thy friendly bark; 'twas melody!
For I had learnt the plain English of it,
And knew its meaning answer'd to,
Kitty! Kitty! Somebody at the door!
Indeed, it was well done! but for thy aid
I should have caught some more big drenching drops,
And felt more breathings of the dreary blast.
I know them to whom I'm less indebted,
Tho' they have often call'd themselves my friends.
I would repay thee, if I could, poor dog;
But thou art gone, and nothing now remains,
For willingness itself to do, unless
To write thy epitaph. Well, that will I do;

And tho' the words be chosen ill, and worse
Arrang'd, yet shall thy epitaph possess
One merit more than epitaphs can boast
In gen'ral—'Tis Truth, I mean—Here it is.

Here lie,
Very snugly,
Not far from the surface of the ground,
Which was never consecrated,
The Remains
of
POOR INO;
Who departed this life,
Anno Domini, 1803,
In good will with all the world,
Without being regretted by it.
His years were not quite seventeen,
Altho' he died of old age.
His virtues were chiefly of the negative kind;
But his vices were not many.
His inclinations, tho' only instinctive,
Were moderate,

And apparently more reasonable
Than many human inclinations.
His affections were sincere;
And unfashionably disinterested.
He was particularly fond of solitude;
And enjoyed his retirement,
BENEATH THE TABLE.
He was a SOFT creature,
And a WARM friend;
For, owing to his coat,
He very much resembled
A Lady's Muff.

IRREGULAR VERSES

ON THE BAPTISM OF

A YOUNG LADY.

AERIAL tenants of the sky,
Unfold your plumes and hover nigh;
Wide awake be all your care,
Guardian spirits of the Fair.
Oh, haste, descend,
Protect, defend,
This cherub child,
From demons wild,
Whose pois'nous breath,
Disease and Death
Emits, in malice, to destroy
A trembling mother's tender joy.

But soft—I see the sacred bowl,
Full fraught with treasures for the soul.
Now the solemn charge is given
How to train the babe for Heav'n;
How to make her thoughts arise
Emulous above the skies;
How to think each pride below,
Vanity of empty show;
How to curb impure desires,
How to kindle holy fires;
Virtue how to exercise,
Peace, and Love, and truth to prize;
Pale sorrow's tear to wipe away,
To lighten Mis'ry's leaden sway;
Bid soothing Consolation flow,
To stem the torrent tide of woe;
Then, freed from Earth's encumb'ring clay,
Exulting soar to ceaseless day.

Lo, now the sacred rite is o'er,
And Gravity resigns his pow'r;

The social smile and friendly glow,
Sport on each cheek, adorn each brow;
While all unfeign'd the hopes express'd,
That infant Mary may be bless'd;
Bless'd with whate'er can glad the heart,
Whatever can content impart;
With Beauty's bloom, Health's genial fire,
What women envy, and what men admire.

Propitious hear, O Heav'n! our pray'r,
That this sweet plant may flourish fair;
Pure as the spotless lily blows,
Beauteous as the blushing rose.
And, oh, to crown these beauties best,
Grant this our utmost, great, request:
Language no more can ask of thee,
Than all the virtues of the Parent Tree.

SONNET.

Who would attempt disease to trace,
In liquid lightnings of the eye?
Or catch it on the glowing face,
Where Beauty's brightest colours vie?

Or, who can think that Beauty's charms,
So soft, so fair, so seeming good,
Should hide a host of foes in arms,
Like Birnam's death-concealing wood?

Yet tints as fair as health imbues,
Where sickness lurks, may grace the skin;
The downy peach has lovely hues,
While worms and insects prey within:
Like Beauty, Nightshade charms the eyes—
Who sips its tempting venom dies.

WRITTEN

IN

A LADY'S BOOK,

UNDER HER NAME.

THE hero bleeds to have his name
Emblazon'd on the rolls of fame;
For this the martyr mounts the pile,
And poets waste their midnight oil.

My thoughts on humbler pleasures turn
Than laurell'd bust, or trophied urn;
My vagrant wishes only rove
To that dear name inscrib'd above.

SONG.

THE WALK BY MOONLIGHT.

THE maze of the dance is delightful, no doubt;
Who praise it are sure in the right:
Oh dear! there is magic in whirling about,
But more in a walk by moonlight.

'Tis pleasant to cry at the scenes on the stage,
In rapture, and then in a fright;
Our hopes and our fears for a while they engage,
But not like a walk by moonlight.

From the bottle and glass there's no pleasure apart,
Some say, and maintain with their might—
They know not the pleasures ally'd to the heart,
In a dear little walk by moonlight.

Exulting one moment, I fancy'd her mine
Who wander'd with me t' other night;
And exclaim'd, in my raptures, Oh next to divine
Is a sweet little walk by moonlight!

A TRUE TALE.

Sweet Dee! thy flow'ry banks along,
How jocund have I tun'd my song,
How light and free!
E'en winter's gloom to me was fair,
For then my breast was void of care,
Was full of glee.

With pliant rod, and fly of hair,
Thy harmless people to ensnare,
How blest was I!
But now, methinks, 'twas cruel play
To snatch the little things away,
And bid them die.

To ev'ry race, to all the throngs
That people earth, surely belongs
One gen'ral name:

The way of brutes, or human way,
Denotes us all but beasts of prey;
In this the same.

Thy crystal tide, O winding Dee!
Most memorable is to me;
The cause I'll tell:
With sad remorse my heart runs o'er,
And ever shall my mind deplore
What there befell.

War by my play-mates was declar'd
'Gainst ev'ry thing, and nought they spar'd
Within their sweep:
A shepherd boy was near at hand,
And by his side a little lamb,
And both asleep.

Now lots were cast the imp to know
Should work the little lambkin's woe;
It fell on me:

It was their wicked, worthless whim
To see the little lambkin swim;
O harsh decree!

Its plaintive cry alarm'd my heart;
I did not like my cruel part,
But undertook it:
Our noise awoke the shepherd boy,
Who seeing our unkind employ,
Could not brook it.

He follow'd me into the wave,
His suffering, darling, lamb to save;
I let it go:
Down with the stream the creature went,
Whilst I, with struggling nearly spent,
Cry'd help me, Oh!

The boy, whose breast by Heav'n endow'd,
With ev'ry noble feeling glow'd,
In spite of grief,

Forsook his fav'rite lamb, to aid
The urchin who its life betray'd,
Not worth relief.

O gen'rous youth, by Nature nurs'd
To render good for ill, accurs'd,
For hatred, love;
The lesson I have learnt of thee,
When I forget, may Heav'n of me
Forgetful prove!

TO DEPENDANCE.

Scourge of the soul! that quells each bold desire,
Mars high design, defeats each noble aim,
Quenches each latent spark of Fancy's fire,
And bars the road to usefulness and fame!
As blighting mildews in their wild career,
Destroy the honours of the weeping year;
So, nipp'd by thee, young Genius dies away,
Droop its fair blossoms, and its roots decay.

When thy narcotic pow'r pervades the heart,
Activity and Spirit wing their way,
Pleasure and Sensibility depart,
And Hope withholds her soul-supporting ray;
Shock'd by the vile Torpedo's chilling pains,
Sick and benumb'd the fisherman remains;
So they who pine in vile dependant state,
Shall feel its stupor, and its thraldom hate.

'Tis thee, Dependance, of Misfortune born,
That dims the eye where Genius else would shine;
O'er other ills mild Pity weeps, but scorn
Adds poison'd sharpness to each pang of thine:
Each other ill but bends the yielding mind,
As corn is bent by blust'ring gales of wind;
More like to thee is tempest-rushing rain,
That strikes it prostrate, not to rise again.

THE ALARM:

A

DRAMATIC TALE.

THE ALARM.

A DRAMATIC TALE.

ROBERT COURLEY, Esq.

JULIA, his eldest Daughter.

HENRY, Husband to Julia.

CECILIA, younger Sister of Julia.

Servants.

SCENE.—A Drawing Room.

COURLEY *and his Daughters sitting by a Table, which a Footman is wiping.*

JULIA.

HARK! 'Tis a cheerless night, the blast howls loud,
And all the cisterns of the sky seem ope'd
At once.

Cecilia. I never heard such dismal sounds,
So fearful!—Bless me, what can that be!—

Courley. Foolish child! 'Tis but the poplar trees
That wave against the window. (*to the Servant*) Put away
That table. (*to his Daughters*) Draw closer round the chimney.
(*To the Servant*) Brush up the hearth; add fuel to the fire.
(*To his Daughters*) Be comfortable, and let me see you smile.
Fye, Cis! I'm angry with you; silly fears
Have made you pale. But what have you to fear,
Securely sitting by your father's knee?
Tho' the loud winds still louder howl, tho' rains
Still more impetuous descend, nor breath
Of that, nor drop of this, near thee can come.
My Julia too seems rather pensive?
Come hither, lovely, come, give me a kiss,
And tell thy fond old father why so sad.

Julia. Never was child so blest'd, with tender love,
Paternal care, and wise instruction,
As is thy Julia. Oh! my dear father,
Thou knowest every winding of my heart,
All its affections, feelings, and desires;
From thee I never have conceal'd a thought,

Or wish, or fear, which ought to be reveal'd;
Neither will I now conceal the painful
Bodings of my mind.
Two perfect years
Have slowly circled since I gave my hand
To him who won my heart, by you approv'd;
And twenty long months have now elaps'd since,
From my arms, my Henry tore himself away,
Obedient to Honour's call. Honour,
Whom next to me he loves; belov'd of both.
My beauteous babe, the image of himself,
There sweetly sleeping, mindless of this storm,
And all the perils of his father's fate,
That lovely babe ne'er yet his father's sight
Hath bless'd, and much I fear he never will.

Courley. Why so, my daughter? Thy Henry is well;
This letter proves his welfare.

Julia. True; but, alas!
It also proves how slender is the thread
By which his dear, dear, inestimable life
At present is secur'd. Perhaps, ere this,
His fleet has met the foe. Perhaps, ere now,

These haughty foes, thirsting for British blood,
Have drank their own. If so, my brave husband,
Panting to revenge his country's wrongs,
Has rush'd into the thickest of the fight,
Dealing around him terror and havock.
Perhaps, ere now, the tyrant monarch, Death,
Like other tyrants, jealous e'en of him
Who executes his will, hath cut him off,
And stopt the hero's course, ere yet, half way,
His wish'd career of conquest and of fame
Was boldly run. Such the portentous fears
That haunt my soul, and weigh my spirits down.
Heav'n grant they may be weak and groundless fears!

Courley. Amen! my Julia. Thy Henry's mind
Is noble, and deserves thy love. Oh, would
He was not a warrior! Cursed war!
Thou universal scourge of nations!
Other ills, compar'd with thee, are partial.
The whirling Typhon tears and scatters all
That comes within its vortex—Pestilence
Hath desolated towns—Inundations
Hath swept tens of thousands to oblivion—

The treacherous Earth hath destroy'd millions
Of its children, by whelming them in ruins,
Engulphing them in her unnatural
Bowels, or belching on their helpless heads
Torrents of molten stone. Most dreadful these.
But they have limits—Thou hast none. The world,
In ev'ry age, and ev'ry part, hath groan'd
Beneath thy never-ceasing oppressions.
Oh! for that promis'd time of peace and love,
When all the sons of men, in harmony
United, shall strive to win the praises
Of justice, more than the smiles of Power!

Cecilia. Listen, papa; Do you not hear a noise?—
I'm sure that's not the waving of the trees!

Courley. Surely the rabble hath leagu'd with the storm,
And open'd all its mouths to swell the clamour.
Ring the bell, Cis.

Enter JOHN.

John, haste thee to the street,
And ask the cause of all this loud tumult. [*Exit John.*
Still nearer it approaches, and more loud
It grows. Heav'n grant no mischief may ensue!

Re-enter JOHN.

John. Victory, Sir! Victory! Victory!
We must illuminate, Sir.

Courley. Has report
Told the particulars, John?

John. O yes, Sir.
The naval force of all our enemies,
Combin'd, has been attack'd, burnt, sunk, captur'd,
And utterly destroy'd; and that by half
Their boasted numbers.

Courley. The measure of blood
Spilt in this great achievement is not known,
Perhaps?

John. Fifteen hundred men, on our side,
Are slain, 'tis said, or grievously wounded;
And one ship, the Tremendous, with her crew,
Sunk in the tide amidst the battle's rage.

Julia. The Tremendous! said'st thou?—Oh, my Henry!
My husband! Miserable, undone Julia!

Courley. Curse on thy heedless tongue, thou brainless fool!
Thou knew'st our better half of interest
In this world, was stor'd up in that vessel,

Which thou so rashly told'st us is no more.
Get the hence, coif, and learn reflection! [*Exit John.*
Oh, my Julia, how wild thou look'st! thy face
How pale! Oh, that some kindly tears would quench
The fever of thine eyes, and wash away
That vacant gaze! Fly, Cis, your sister faints!
Let medical relief be call'd. Oh, Fate!
Is this the end of that dear union
On which my hopes rely'd for comfort,
In my widowed age! Delusive Hope!
Thou art the veriest airy bubble
In this world's atmosphere! Oh, hard mishap
To see thee thus, my darling Julia!
Ill-fated father! must I be depriv'd
Of all my children! My stubborn old heart
Is not yet sear'd by woe to callousness!
Each time I lost a child that heart seem'd rent,
And something torn away. The only two
Who now remain are jewels treasur'd
With my life, from which it will not part. Aid,
Oh aid my feeble mind, kind Providence,
With patience to endure these seeming ills!

Which, doubtless, mercies would appear, if man
Could know the causes past, and consequences
Yet to come. I thank thee that my Julia
Revives!

Enter a MAID SERVANT.

Maid Serv. A gentleman, who says he brought
The news of vict'ry from the fleet, is here;
And is in haste to see you, Sir.

Courley. He comes
With confirmation of the fatal news.
Well, we are prepar'd to hear the worst.
Desire the gentleman to walk this way.

[*Exit Maid Servant.*

Enter a STRANGER, *who runs to embrace* JULIA; *she shrieks and faints again.*

Courley. It cannot be—surely it is—himself—
Dear rash youth!

Stranger. Vent your curses on my head,
For I have kill'd my Julia——She awakes—
She lives—she looks upon me—Oh, my love,

My dearest Julia, forgive my folly!

Canst thou forgive thy Henry?

Julia. Oh yes, yes!

And more than amply does the present hour

For all the past atone——Ecstatic bliss!

To find my husband safe, and in my arms—

Dearly, my Henry, tho' thou wert belov'd,

Yet never half so well as since I thought

Thee lost.

Courley. Report but now deceiv'd us,

Henry, and told that in the waves thy ship,

With all its crew, had been engulph'd.

Henry. Too true,

Alas! report has said. But merciful,

To me, the guiding Pow'r who holds the lives,

And rules the destinies of men! Transferr'd

Into another ship, I live to thank

That guiding Pow'r, that, to my faithful breast,

I thus again enfold my faithful wife.

Julia. Oh, if my tongue could speak the gratitude

That warms my soul, I'd kneel, as I do now,

And with the eloquence which such a theme

Might well inspire, I'd swell my loud praises
To His throne who so beneficently reigns!
But, as it is, my joyful tears must flow,
For they alone my gratitude can show!

THE SOLDIER'S FAREWELL.

ADIEU, my Jessey, fairest maid
That e'er inspir'd a love-sick lay;
Our country claims thy Edward's aid,
And points, to glory points, the way

To climes where the fiend Discord reigns,
And wildest Terror "lords it wide,"
Where Ruin rages o'er the plains,
And crimson currents dye the tide;

I haste with legions skill'd and brave,
Try'd in the flaming field of blood,
The tyrant's threaten'd prey to save,
And stem oppression's reeking flood,

But hear me, Jessy, whilst I swear—
Oh, may disgrace benight my brow,
Should time, or aught but death, impair
The tender love I pay thee now!

Forbear, my Edward, Jessy cry'd,
While round the warrior's neck she hung,
Forbear to boast of strength untry'd,
Restrain the ardour of thy tongue.

In fervent climes, where beauty glows,
Matur'd to richer hues than mine,
A thousand nymphs will charms disclose,
To win a form so fair as thine.

Forgetting then thy vows to me,
Thou'lt there become a willing slave,
Whilst weeping, I must pine for thee,
Or sink, thy victim, to the grave!

Angelic maid! thy fears dispel,
Nor let such needless doubts appear,

For sure, to find a fairer belle,
I must explore a better sphere.

Then clasping Jessy to his breast,
The warrior cry'd, I cannot stay;
May endless blessings on thee rest;
I must, my love, I must away.

SONNET TO RESIGNATION.

Nymph of the brow serene, and stedfast eye,
Religion's child, and Virtue's darling care,
Ambassadress of peace from thrones on high,
To fetter Frenzy, to disarm Despair.

As shades of night from coming morn retire
Do wishes wild and restless fears from thee;
As ruthless tigers fly protecting fire,
So from thy sight the fury passions flee.

Oh, come, benignant pow'r! they aid impart,
Save, save my wounded breast from future woe;
From future war protect my weary heart,
And bid its current calmly, gently flow:
To Fancy's eye disclose a brighter clime,
And fix my hopes beyond the verge of time.

SONG.

Fair smiles the morn, the sunny beam
In sparkling radiance decks the stream,
Which, as the zephyr gently blows,
In wavy pomp responsive flows:

When, lo, infuriate blasts arise,
And black'ning clouds deform the skies;
The flood no more reflects the day,
And sicken'd pleasure dies away.

E'en so, alas! Misfortune's blast
Life's fairest morn hath overcast;
Hath lash'd to storm the calm serene,
And strew'd with ruins all the scene.

SONNET.

ON INGRATITUDE TO PARENTS.

Dreams the gay prince, while gazing on the dome
His wealth and genius splendid bade aspire;
Dreams he to find beneath its wreck a tomb,
By earthquake ruin'd, or destroy'd by fire:

Nor can the sire, while playful round his knee
A blooming offspring try to tempt his smiles,
Their future guilt, their disobedience see,
'Guis'd in the innocence of infant wiles.

Wings their a poison on the tainted breeze,
Speeds from Remorse an agonizing pain,
Shoots their a pang from torturing Disease,
Or skulks a woe in Disappointment's train,
So cruel as parental hopes betray'd,
And boundless cares with thankless scorn repaid!

ELEGY.

Away, thou flatt'rer, Hope! nor tell me more
The tale which thou a thousand times hast told,
While yet my hours are gloomy as before,
My fears as many, and my fate as cold.

Thy waking dreams, so cheering and so gay,
How fondly cherish'd by my youth they were;
Od'rif'rous flow'rs they scatter'd in my way,
Sooth'd my sad bosom, and allay'd its care.

Oh, irksome cares, that rankl'd in my mind,
And made its feelings painful to be borne;
The bitter cares with Penury combin'd,
The cruel pangs of Servitude and Scorn!

Me Poverty has mark'd to bear her rage,
And from my birth-day to the present hour
Not all my suff'rings could her wrath assuage,
Nor mitigate the harshness of her pow'r.

Relentless pow'r that throngs my humble way,
With pits and mires not easy to be pass'd,
With stormy clouds deforms my brightest day—
Oh, must thy reign for ever, ever last.

When from my infant age, by Heav'n's decree,
I saw a lov'd and loving parent torn,
Scarcely one joy, I thought, remain'd for me,
But all was dreary, desolate, forlorn.

Had not my infant age restrain'd my tongue,
Thus had it pour'd its notes of plaintive woe—
" With keenest pain my suff'ring heart is wrung,
For now no friend remains to me below.

Alas! for me no brow is crown'd with care,
Nor sympathizing bosom heaves a sigh;

No mouth for me articulates a pray'r,
Nor drops a tear for me one pitying eye.

Those only eyes that wept for me are clos'd;
Silent the voice that sought to yield relief;
Cold is the bosom where my head repos'd,
When sick with pain, or agoniz'd with grief.

Who now will guide my heedless steps aright,
Or fill my mind with genial Virtue's lore?
Alas! my infant hopes are set in night,
And all my childish pleasures are no more!"

Such were my infant thoughts, and time has seen
These early fears and bodings realiz'd;
Misfortune still has interpos'd between
My wishes, and the objects which they priz'd.

The smiles of Hope, and Fancy's fairy dreams,
Oft cheer my soul, and promis'd good display;
Tell me of fruitful groves and healthful streams,
Where Love and Peace shall all my cares repay.

These fairy dreams, delusive as they are,
My foolish bosom cannot yet forego;
Indulging hope that Fate may end this war,
And potent Love no longer be my foe.

Ah, cruel Love! to torture with thy frown
Him who so much has strove to smooth thy brow;
Ah, venal Love! did gold my pleadings crown,
Success had crown'd my wishes long ere now.

The poor in vain may heave the frequent sigh,
And shed in vain pale Sorrow's silent tear;
But Fate, propitious, wipes the rich man's eye,
And deigns the slightest sigh he breathes to hear.

I envy not the dome where grandeur reigns,
The costly canopy, or pamper'd board;
I envy not the busy worldling's gains,
The drunkard's revels, or the miser's hoard.

Aspiring hopes of wild Ambition, born
With restless wishes and unbless'd desire,

In other breasts may plant a pointed thorn,
Or poison pour, or fan consuming fire.

Give me the wants of Nature to supply,
And bid Maria of my flame approve,
Then, gentle Fate, each tear or swelling sigh
Shall flow to Gratitude, or breathe to Love.

LINES

TO

MAY 1806.

Welcome lovely May again,
Welcome, welcome, all thy train;
Genial warmth, reviving show'rs,
Budding trees, and op'ning flow'rs,
Fragrant airs that softly play,
Scenting Nature's new array.
My race with thee was first begun,
But much hast thou my speed outrun;
For four and twenty times anew
Has thine begun and ended too;
While yet before me far extend
Rough tracks without apparent end.

At times, beneath misfortune's load,
I've slowly toil'd along the road;
Indeed, I've seldom been so free
To run along and frisk with glee:
But weak or strong, or dull or gay,
I never wish'd to leave the way.

SONNET TO SOLITUDE.

Ah! not among thy rocks, thy caves,
Thy rushy banks o'erhung with trees,
Thy tott'ring ruins, mould'ring graves,
Can Disappointment meet with ease:

There Fortune's fav'rite sons may stray,
Still hand in hand with Peace and Rest,
And flow'rets cull along the way,
Without a thorn to wound the breast:

But from the soul where Sorrow dwells,
Like men, these gentler spirits fly,
And Echo, from her secret cells,
Will mimic Sorrow's saddest sigh:
Or to the stream does Grief repair;
He sees his ills reflected there.

MYRA.

Simplest flowers adorn the wild,
Sweetest flow'rets blush unseen ;
Like to them is Virtue's child,
Modesty with simple mien.

Mountain flow'rets borne away
To the garden's cultur'd bed,
Brighter hues perhaps display,
Not such balmy fragrance shed.

Sadly to her native vale
Weeping Myra bade adieu ;
Mark her short and simple tale,
Drop a tear, and think it true.

Virtue grew in Myra's mind,
Planted by a parent's care;
Myra's manners were refin'd,
Gentle as her face was fair.

Spotless Myra saw with pain
London's follies, London's strife,
Wish'd the village to regain,
Sigh'd to lead a rural life.

Sooner than the rolling year
Half its constant course had run,
Baneful counsels Myra's ear,
Gaudy show her heart, had won.

Faithful William of the plain,
Spite of vows, was now forgot;
Myra scorn'd to entertain
Thoughts of wedlock in a cot.

Flatt'ry is the sickly land
Where Conceit and Folly grow,

Pride, the barren desert sand
Where no useful blossoms blow.

Courted, follow'd, prais'd, admir'd,
Tainted Myra's mind became;
Griev'd, Simplicity retir'd,
Fainter gleam'd fair Honor's flame.

Confident of full success,
Where she chose her pow'r to try,
Trusting not in splendid dress,
But the magic of her eye.

Beauty's toils she gaily set,
Exercising all her art
To ensnare, within her net,
Wealth, which won her silly heart.

Titles too she sigh'd to bear,
Praying, " Fate, O grant this boon;
Give me sparkling gems to wear,
Let me be a Countess soon!

" Young or old, it matters not,
Be he rich and nobly born,
That no more my humble lot
May excite the vulgar scorn."

Noble if he be whose name
Far historic pages trace,
Vicious without sense of shame,
Deeming temperance disgrace—

Noble Infidelius' name,
And his blood, they say, was pure,
Tho' excess had worn his frame,
Past relief, or hope of cure.

He ambitious still to add
To his list of ruins more,
First made Myra's bosom glad,
That its peace he might devour.

Skill'd to wear each mask of art,
Studied in each subtle wile,

To enchant the female heart,
Heedless honor to beguile.

Oaths of love he hourly swore,
Daily splendid gifts bestow'd,
Counted all his riches o'er,
With the titles they endow'd.

" All that rank and wealth can bring,
Ev'ry good I boast as mine;
Lovely Myra, shall this ring
Fix with me for ever thine.

" Only prove thy love sincere,
Take me to thy snowy arms;
Needless ev'ry envious fear;
Yield me all thy glowing charms.

" Instant marriage shall repay
Ev'ry loan by beauty lent;
Wipe thy doubts and fears away,
Never love shalt thou repent."

Curse the villain's lying tongue!
Curse the base betrayer's art!
Keenest anguish shortly wrung
Ruin'd Myra's heedless heart.

Guilty state was void of joy,
Peace with innocence had fled;
Guilty pleasures quickly cloy,
When Remorse its shaft has sped.

Myra thought of village hours,
Led by Innocence along,
Thro' the fragrant summer bow'rs
Dancing to the jocund song:

Thought of William on the plain,
William, tender, good, and true;
Sigh'd his dwelling to regain,
Wish'd his passion to renew.

"Vain the foolish wish," she cry'd,
"Virtue me no more adorns;

Spotless must be William's bride;
Myra now he justly scorns.

" Myra's erring soul no more
Peace, or love, or joy, can know;
Life has naught for me in store,
Save remorse and sharpest woe.

" Stream contrition's scalding tears,
Gush, and for my crimes atone;
Sorrow then those crimes and tears
Hide beneath some humble stone."

Penitent, thus Myra wail'd,
While the cank'ring worm of care
Beauty's blushing rose assail'd,
Leaving only lilies there.

Myra's folly, Myra's grief,
Fame convey'd to William's ear;
William flew to yield relief,
Still to him was Myra dear.

But, alas! too late he came,
Myra's luckless life to save;
Anguish of despair and shame
Hurried Myra to her grave.

ON THE

DEATH

OF A

FRIEND'S PIPING BULLFINCH.

Deep in the forest's solemn shade
I wander'd, careless where I stray'd;
When, passing near a gurgling rill
That hurry'd from a neighb'ring hill,
Upon its daisy-cover'd brink
I laid me down, to rest and think:
But soon the streamlet's lulling sound
In sluggish sleep my eyelids bound;
Then Fancy, lost time to retrieve,
Her fairy tissue 'gan to weave.

Our law decrees, if guilty found,
The caitiff wretch shall rot 'bove ground."
The sooty Ravens, Rooks, and Daws,
Approv'd the speech, and scream'd applause.
That Bully had contented borne,
Not greatly died of Pride and Scorn,
So well by witnesses was prov'd,
That all condemned, save they who lov'd:
Those, tho' but few, yet dar'd contend
To clear the memory of their friend.
Poor Bully's cause seem'd nearly lost,
His enemies were such a host;
When, first, an aged owl stept forth,
Firm champion of departed worth.
" Shame, shame, degen'rate race!" he cry'd,
" Ye thoughtless votaries of pride!
Is 't thus ye wrest our sacred laws,
Is 't thus ye plead the helpless cause?
I know we have decreed it treason
To cringe to man, whate'er the reason;
But say, can he whose early age
Was doom'd to thraldom in a cage,

He whom a parent's tender care
Ne'er taught to shun the wily snare;
Can he be deem'd a guilty bird,
Who of our laws had never heard?
Long time I've labour'd to be wise,
And seriously I thus advise:
Do nothing while in angry mood,
For anger ne'er produceth good."
Fir'd by the worthy ancient sage,
A Robin caught the virtuous rage;
The Redbreast said, "I'm well aware
That Bully's life was clean and fair;
Nay more, I can aver that he
Of ev'ry vice was wholly free:
In thrilling notes his lay he sung,
For rapture dwelt upon his tongue;
Listen now, and you shall hear
His song, that met my ravish'd ear—

O happy Bully, warm and dry,
What can I have got to tease me,

While my benefactors try
Who shall most delight and please me?

My gen'rous master brings me food,
And calls me sweetest fellow;
My mistress too is wondrous good,
And loves me passing well O.

My gratitude from morn to night
Shall keep me ever cheery;
I'll try to please with all my might,
And never seem to weary."

The Sage's speech, and Robin's tale,
Of good effect did nothing fail;
For now majority agreed,
He did, but could not help, the deed;
With one accord the wise averr'd,
That Bully's corpse should be interr'd.
And thus the factious wrangling crew
Were silenc'd by the virtuous few:

They soon prepar'd to solemnize
Poor Bully's fun'ral obsequies;
With honours due to deck his grave,
And from reproach his mem'ry save.
Descending next the hollow dell,
Where "Melancholy loves to dwell,"
Attended by a mourning throng,
His willow bier was borne along.
Arriv'd, his dirge grave Phil began;
In dulcet warblings thus it ran:

Soft be Bully's mossy bed,
For sweet and soft was he;
Light lie ye turf upon his head,
And ever verdant be.

We'll plant around the narrow cell
Of him whom we bewail,
The violet, grateful to the smell,
And lilies of the vale.

The gratitude which did adorn
His sweet melodious lay,
The lark shall praise at rising morn,
And I at closing day.

What little woes his bosom had
By wisdom were repress'd;
The good, he thought, outweigh'd the bad,
And thinking so, was bless'd.

Mark well, ye birds, this moral strain,
Boast not of aught ye know,
For thickly strew'd thro' life's domain
Are snares and bitter woe.

In vain we stretch our mellow throats,
When caught, to win relief;
Our human foes despise the notes,
And scorn our sharpest grief.

Nor can our plumage more avail,
With beauty tho' it vie;

The spoiler's hand will soon assail,
And bid those beauties die.

Rous'd by a sheepfold's tinkling bell,
The vision fled, dissolv'd the spell,
While, warn'd by Sol's last parting ray,
I homewards slowly bent my way.

SONNET

TO THE

SERPENTINE RIVER,

IN

HYDE PARK.

Thou fatal stream sad Lethe art,
Where sorrow's victims frequent fly,
To wash remembrance from the heart,
And sate the water-loving eye.

Hark—heard I not the voice of woe?—
A youthful maid, in loose array,
Her tears in torrents gushing flow,
And wild disorder marks her way!

" O cruel friends! mistaken zeal!
Well meant, but too officious care!

Thence flow the agonies I feel,

And thence my purpose of despair."

Deep, then, beneath thy sluggish wave,

She found a calm but guilty grave!

TO

THE SKY AT SUNSETTING.

ETHEREAL landscape of the skies,
Where matchless glories strike my eyes,
Where all at once more colours blend
Than all the flow'rs on earth could lend.

Each brilliant hue, by earth conceal'd *,
More brilliant there we see reveal'd;
And there the meanest tint that glows,
Transcends our beauteous, boasted, rose.

The scenes by Hope to youth display'd,
When Fancy lends her magic aid,
Are scenes of night compar'd to thine,
Thou painting of a HAND DIVINE!

* Gems and ores.

A THOUGHT.

Who, in some melancholy hour,
Has not exerted Fancy's pow'r,
Amidst the varying clouds to trace
The likeness of some dear lost face?

So, when Misfortune's clouds ascend,
And o'er our aching heads extend,
The shades of joy desert their tomb,
And flit regretted thro' the gloom.

SONG.

THE GAME OF FORFEITS.

Oh, there is a game, and Forfeits its name,
Whose losses are all of them gain, Sir:
And he who'd not choose to blunder and lose
Has studied sweet Nature in vain, Sir:
For if there's no miss,
Alas! there's no kiss
So I like to forfeit.

At Forfeits all play, in this or that way,
Tho' various their objects in view, Sir;
Wife, widow, and maid, and gemmen in trade,
And those that have nothing to do, Sir:

All strive, but for this,
The thing we call bliss,
Which none like to forfeit.

That maid with soft glances her lover entrances,
This meets his entreaties with, "No, Sir!"
That melts in a trice, and this is o'er nice,
Extremes that are fruitful of woe, Sir:
But that way or this,
They're playing for bliss,
Which I fear they'll forfeit.

Soldiers and Doctors, Attorneys and Proctors,
All live by what plagues other men, Sir;
That loves to make strife, this tampers with life,
And t' other two fleece with their pen, Sir:
But all who seek bliss,
In doing amiss,
Must pay dreadful forfeit.

Those tradesmen may rise, who cheat and tell lies,
And wealth by injustice be won, Sir;

But only from Right proceeds that clear light,
More cheering to life than the sun, Sir:
Who pants after this
Is surest of bliss,
And peace cannot forfeit.

WRITTEN

ON MY

TWENTIETH BIRTH-DAY.

Ten times twice over have I seen
All Nature rob'd in verdant green,
And beauteously gay;
As oft beheld, out o'er the plain,
Fell winter spread his icy reign,
And blacken all the day.

Dread Pow'r! who rules each shining world,
Which thy right hand has made and hurl'd
Along th' ethereal way;

Whose awful frown could whelm in night
Those beauteous orbs of life and light,
That show thy boundless sway.

Auspicious, O incline thine ear,
Thy humble suppliant's pray'r to hear,
Whose wish is not to stray;
O deign to lead my steps aright,
To fill my soul with heav'nly light,
Religion's purest ray!

Grant, that yet more and more inclin'd
I may become t' enlarge my mind,
And to improve each day;
And while remain my days of youth,
Inspire me with a love of truth,
Not subject to decay.

Calm and unruffled be my breast;
Let no rude passions break my rest
With terrible affray;

But, hating vice, detesting sin,
Let me retire from crowds and din,
And Reason's will obey.

And still, as each returning year
Arrays with flow'rs this hemisphere,
Exulting let me say,
Once more with sober, heartfelt, mirth
I hail the day that gave me birth,
The smiling Ninth of May.

And as I journey onwards there,
Where high and low must all repair,
Past actions to display,
To Thee with joy I'll grateful raise
My raptur'd voice, and sing thy praise,
On ev'ry natal day!

THE END.

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